SOME NEW BOOKS.

Grant Duff's Diary: First Installment.

In four volumes, each of which comprises some three hundred pages, Mr. John Murray has published *Notes from a Diary*, by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. The author is, of course, the well-known English Liberal who has been in public life for nearly forty years as a member of the House of Commons, or as the occupant of Ministerial posts, or as an Indian administrator. He has long had, also, a special claim to distinction, due to the fact that, almost from the time when he graduated at Oxford, he has devoted himself to the acquisition of modern European languages and of a thorough knowledge of the politics and public men of the countries in which they are spoken. In the pursuit of his purpose he has been a great traveller, and he probably has a wider circle of interesting acquaintances than any other contemporary Englishman. A man of so extensive an experience could not help seeing and hearing many things the record of which ought not to perish. Fortunately for his readers, he determined in the year 1847 to keep a diary, and began to do so on his eighteenth birthday, making an entry in it, longer or shorter, for every day that passed over him. It was not, however, till he had continued this practice for something over a quarter of a century that it occurred to him to read through what he had written. Having done so, he came to the conclusion that the record he possessed would not be intelligible to others, and, accordingly, he extracted from it all that he thought would be likely to please persons whose tastes are similar to his own, and threw it into a readable shape. It is this digested diary, covering the years from 1851 to 1872, both inclusive, which fills the first two of the four volumes now published, and it is these to which we shall at present direct attention. They begin with the first day of the half century, when the writer had just left Balliol, after taking his B. A. degree, and was approaching twenty-two. This diary is, in no sense, an autobiography, which accounts for the fact that very little is said in it about the House of Commons, although fifteen of the years included in these two volumes were passed in that assembly. The author has, for the most part, omitted references to his public life for several reasons: first, because he has had frequent opportunities of stating his views upon public matters, in Parliament and out of it, and has printed a number of books; secondly, because he has wished to make these pages as light as possible; and, lastly, because he was anxious to leave behind him one of the most good-natured books of its kind ever printed, and was naturally apprehensive that for a politician to write truthfully of the political struggles in which he has been engaged without paying to some of the combatants the "tribute of undissembled horror" would be a hopeless undertaking. To relegate to the background nearly all the more serious part of life and to ignore every disagreeable person and thing encountered would be, no doubt, an indefensible proceeding if the author were writing his memoirs. But this, as we have said, is not the case. It is not a memoir, but a diary of a unique kind, which we have before us.

I.

The first entry in this diary that strikes us is under the date of July, 1852, when the author spent a few days with Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, also, had been a great traveller, and enjoyed a singularly wide acquaintance among distinguished men. They talked of epitaphs, and Mr. Elphinstone spoke with extreme admiration of Trivulzio's: "Johannes Trivulzius, qui nunquam quievit, hic quiescit—tace." Among others cited was an old Scotch one:

Ill to his freen, waur to his foe,
True to his Macker in weel and in woe.

The word Macker, here used, means feudal lord. Something being said about shining in conversation, Elphinstone put Luttrell's talk above that of all whom he had known. Talleyrand's, he said, was very rich in anecdote, but by no means witty. Of Sydney Smith he spoke with very great regard, treating his wit as merely the flower of his wisdom. Elphinstone repeated the motto of the Earls Marischal given by them to Marischal College, Aberdeen:

They say.
Quhat say they?
Lat them say.

With which motto circumstances, in after years, were to make our author familiar, for he was to become Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. The motto being mentioned later to Henry Smith, late Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, the latter said: "Ah! I see what that means. It is the account of a young man's life at the university. In his first year he believes all that his professor tells them. His answer to all objections is—*They say*. In his second year doubts begin to arise. He asks—*What say they?* In his third year he has lost all confidence, and says—*Let them talk as they will*." We note, in passing, that Abraham Hayward did not share Elphinstone's high opinion of Luttrell's conversation. He thought Sydney Smith's talk much superior. Luttrell's art, Hayward said, consisted chiefly in the neatness of the allusions to passing events which he threw in from time to time.

In February, 1853, our author spent a week at Newnham Paddox, where there was a large and very pleasant house party, including, among others, Charles Kingsley, whom he then met for the first time. Kingsley talked, it seems, much about Carlyle, and recounted, on the great man's own authority, the following edifying tale: The most dyspeptic of philosophers had been terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his friend Emerson. "I thought," he said, "that I would try to cure him, so I took him to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done I turned to him, saying: 'And, noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily.' Then," continued the sage, "I took him doun to the Hoose o' Commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing. Then I turned to him and said: 'And, noo, man, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair!"

It was in July, 1862, that our author was introduced to Carlyle. Arthur Russell took him to 5 Cheyne row. There they found Archdeacon Venables with four or five other men and one lady, Mrs. Carlyle being at Folkestone. They were received, it seems, in the front room on the ground floor, very poorly furnished, the chief feature being a long bookcase full of books, but without ornament of any kind, dusty and grimy looking. Our author found Carlyle taller than he expected, but otherwise like his pictures, except that he wore a beard. The philosopher said that he had not been to the Exhibition and had "no intention of going, expecting no interest but the solemn and tragic one of going amongst all these thousands of people, wondering at the waste of enthusiasm and labor and unable to guess what was the good of it all." He had been, he said, to the Dog Show, having met the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) and ridden with him: "For the first one hundred yards the Bishop had talked of the *Essays and Reviews* judgment; had said that there would be an appeal, and that these gentlemen would have to leave their livings; then he told me he was going to the Dog Show, and I thought I should never have such an opportunity again, so I went with him, and we stayed some two hours. He is a delightful companion, a most active, ardent creature. I know nobody who would have succeeded better in whatever he was set to do." Carlyle proceeded to speak of the *Essays and Reviews* case, and said it was sad to see a great institution like the Church of England, to which he had never belonged, and to which he had many objections, but which he, nevertheless, thought the best thing of the kind in the world, falling to pieces in this manner and going the way of all the earth. He had little good to say either of the Scotch Presbyterian or the Roman Catholic Church, as represented by the Roman Court at that time. The conversation turned, after a time, to Thiers, of whom Carlyle spoke with much contempt, and said that he had been one of those who had most contributed to making the French think that they had only, in spite of the cause, however bad, to put a certain number of thousand scoundrels together and, at their head, the most detestable child of Beelzebub whom they could find, and march them over Europe to prevail everywhere, a theory which went to the root of all his ideas about things. He said that, shortly before the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, he had lamented that there was not a strong Angel of the Lord, with a great sword reaching from one end of France to the other, to sweep it across and to say to the endless talking—Peace. He had been much struck, we are told, with Prince Napoleon, who had visited him many years before, and who, at the time, was running about seeing all kinds of useful things, courts of justice and what not, and by no means occupying himself, as he had been said to do, with frivolous matters. Some three weeks later our author went again to see Carlyle. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on the civil war in the United States. "There they are," said Carlyle, "cutting each other's throats because one-half of them prefer hiring their servants for life and the other by the hour."

II.

While the Crimean war was going on, our author spent some time in Berlin. His friend and *cicerone*, Major von Orlich, took him one day to see Alexander von Humboldt, who had a great deal to say about India. The conversation happened to glance on Whewell's *Plurality of Worlds*. Humboldt said that he held the book very cheap, laughing at the idea that all the stars were made for our amusement, and putting the argument thus: "The stars are, assuredly, uninhabited by intellectual beings because, if intellectual, they must be *sündlich*, and the *Erlösung*, so often repeated, would be *unbequem*." He spoke very highly of Max Müller, and said it was an honor to England that she afforded a career to such men. As regarded the Crimean war, Humboldt's sympathies were on the side of the Western powers. Not so those of Ranke, with whom our author had one day a long and somewhat lively talk. Ranke said that Germany had nothing to fear from Russia—more from England; and that, if the English succeeded in the Crimea, all they would do would be to destroy an infant civilization. "Ah! We love you," he said, "and feel with you far more than with Russia, but we cannot agree in all things. There are some differences between our interests." Later he added: "To me the chief interest of England is that she is *Old* England." Major von Orlich, our author's host in Berlin, was at this period very intimate with the Prince of Prussia (later the Emperor William I.), who, thanks to the ascendancy of the Pietist party at court, had been forced into the position of the head of the Liberal party in Prussia. He told Orlich, it appears, that the last time the Emperor Nicholas I. was in Berlin he had said to him: "You are a Liberal; your ideas will ruin the monarchy." The Prince replied: "Do you really think that you, by your exclusive system, have kept these ideas out of Russia?" Nicholas answered: "Not to the extent I would wish; yet to a certain extent; but that is not now the question. I speak of you." The Czar kept coming back and back to the subject, and the Prince got very angry, saying at last: "We will talk no more of that. That is another affair altogether." Shortly after the conversation, the Prince went out, and, meeting one of the Emperor's confidants, told him what had passed, and said: "Tell me now, as a man of honor—do you think he has succeeded?" "So far from that being the case," replied the person addressed, "I don't think my life or the life of any one of his intimates is worth ten days' purchase after he closes his eyes. I do not see the future. God knows what may happen; but it looks very black ahead."

On April 22, 1855, our author went to hear the Rev. F. D. Maurice preach at Lincoln's Inn. He supposes, he says, that he must have heard him, first and last, some thirty or forty times, but never carried away one clear idea, or even the impression that the preacher had more than the faintest conception of what he himself meant. Aubrey de Vere is pronounced quite right in saying that listening to Maurice was like eating pea soup with a fork, and Jowett's answer seems to have been not less to the purpose when our author asked him what a sermon which Maurice had just preached before the University of Oxford was about, and he replied: "Well! All that I could make out was that to-day was yesterday, and this world the same as the next." John Stuart Mill, who had known him early in life, said, about the same time, to the writer of this diary: "Frederick Maurice has philosophical powers of the highest order, but he spoils them all by torturing everything into the Thirty-nine Articles." The fact that he should have exerted a distinctly stimulating and liberalizing influence over many more or less remarkable people must be deemed sufficiently strange; but the author reminds us that "he was a noble fellow, with immense power of sympathy and an ardent, passionate nature, which often led him to right conclusions in spite of his hopelessly confused reasoning. To listen to him was to drink spiritual champagne.

Having been elected at Brooks's in February, 1858, our author looked over the old betting book at that club. Here and there he found a curious entry. For instance, on March 11, 1776, Mr. Charles Fox gave a dinner to Lord Bolingbroke on the understanding that he was to receive a thousand guineas from the other when the national debt amounted to £171,000,000. In 1788 Fox gave Mr. Shirley ten guineas on the understanding that he was to receive five hundred whenever Turkey in Europe belonged to a European power or powers. The wager, of course, is still unsettled. In February, 1858, our author was elected at the Cosmopolitan Club, which met then, and meets now, in Charles street, Berkeley Square, in a huge room which was once used as Watts's studio, and on the walls of which there is an enormous picture by him from *Theodore and Honoria*, in which there are many female figures. Some one asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh," he replied, "you have heard of Watts's Hymns. These are Watts's Hers." At this club, one day, the writer of this diary had a conversation with Thackeray about a French invasion, apropos of the fiery French Colonels, with regard to whom there was a good deal of talk in 1858. Thackeray said, alluding to his recent candidature for a seat in Parliament at Oxford: "The chief reason why I wished to be in Parliament was that I might stand up once a year and tell my countrymen what will happen when the French invade us." The impediment to Thackeray's political aspirations was that he was almost tongue-tied when he tried to speak extemporarily in public.

III.

In the pages allotted to 1861 and 1862 we come upon a number of anecdotes. Mr. Strachey, a young diplomatist, told the author a good saying of the Queen of the Netherlands about an Austrian attaché: "*Il a l'air d'un coiffeur et l'aplomb d'un dentiste.*" According to Abraham Hayward, nobody ever had so much aplomb as Nassau William Senior. On one occasion, when Tom Moore was singing at Bowood, the poet was annoyed by the scratching of the pen with which Senior was writing, and stopped. "Pray go on," said Senior; "you don't interrupt me." At the Thrings' one day in 1862, our author met Sir G. Rose, the great punster, the same who, on turning round and seeing some one imitating his gait, said: "You have the stalk without the rose;" and who, on being asked the Latin for a hearse, said: "Mors omnibus." This recalls the rebuke administered by a French lady in a crowded Paris omnibus to a priest who made a great ado because there was no seat for him. "M. le Curé," she said, "in omnibus caritas." Meeting Bulwer Lytton one evening at the Athenæum, our author heard the novelist say to Hayward, who had remarked that no man wrote so above himself as Stanhope: "No man writes above himself, but most men are very unequal. Campbell, the poet, for instance, always struck me as very tiresome till one night, when he met me at the door of this club and asked me to go home and sup. I had only just dined, and at first refused, but, seeing that he was hurt, I agreed to go. We were tête-à-tête, and from 10 to half past 1 he poured out a stream of conversation of the most surpassingly brilliant kind." It seems that, in a book given to Bulwer by Louis Napoleon in 1837, the novelist had jotted down a prediction that the giver would one day be great in France, basing his forecast on Louis Napoleon's devotion to one idea, and his skill in masking that devotion.

In June, 1862, at Prof. Owen's cottage in Richmond Park, our author met Dickens. "I had never seen," he writes, "Dickens before, and thought his look singularly unprepossessing. The first unfavorable impression, however, very soon wore off, and I did not detect anything in his conversation that at all answered to his appearance. He talked to me as we walked around the garden about Gore House and Count d'Orsay, of whom he spoke with great regard; of Holland House and a wonderful squabble which he had witnessed between Allen, Luttrell, Rogers and Lady Holland, all in bad humor, and all contradicting each other. He said that he, too, had seen much of Louis Napoleon in those days, but had never perceived anything remarkable in him, except once, when he gave rather a clever description of being had up at Bow street." In February, 1870, the writer of this diary dined with a Mr. Pender, and, after the ladies were gone, he found himself sitting next to Dickens, whom he had not seen since his return from his second visit to America. The two fell into conversation about this country, and the novelist told a very curious story. He said that, shortly before leaving Washington, he fell in with Senator Sumner, who asked if there was any one whom he would like to see that he had not as yet a chance to meet. Dickens replied: "Yes, I have always had a great idea of Mr. Stanton; I should like to meet Mr. Stanton." "Well," answered Mr. Sumner, "there is nothing easier. I will ask him to dine. We will have nobody but ourselves, and you can have a good talk." A few days afterward, accordingly, Dickens met Stanton at Sumner's, and they spent a long evening together. At last, about midnight, Stanton turned to Sumner and said: "I should like to tell Dickens that story about the President." "By all means," replied the other. "At least the hour you have chosen is a highly appropriate one." Stanton then turned to Dickens and said that, at the time when the circumstances occurred which he was going to relate, he was Secretary of War, and, of course, had a great deal to do. One day in April, 1865, a Cabinet council was called for 2 o'clock in the afternoon. But he was overwhelmed with work and did not get there till twenty minutes after the appointed hour. Just as he opened the door he heard the President say: "But this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Stanton." After the council was over Stanton walked away with the Attorney-General and said to him: "Well, if all councils were like this the war would soon be at an end. The President, instead of sitting on half a dozen different chairs and telling improper stories, has applied himself to business, and we've got through a great deal of work." "Yes," said the Attorney-General, "but you were late. You don't know what happened." "No," I answered. "What did happen?" "All the rest of us," rejoined he, "were pretty punctual, and when we came in we found the President sitting with his head on his hand and looking very unlike himself. At length he lifted his head and, looking around at us, he said: 'Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Very much surprised, I said to him: 'Sir, you have got some very bad news.' 'No,' he answered, 'I have got no news, but in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Still more astonished I said: 'May we ask, sir, what leads you to suppose we shall receive this intelligence?' He replied: 'I've had a dream. I had it the night before Bull Run. I had it on some other occasion' (which Dickens had forgotten), 'and I had it last night.' This was stranger than ever, and I said: 'May we ask, sir, the nature of your dream?' He replied, 'I'm alone—I'm in a boat and I'm out on the bosom of a great rushing river, and I drift, and I drift, and I drift.' At this moment came your knock at the door. The President said, 'But this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Stanton.'" Five hours afterward Lincoln was assassinated. This story is told somewhat differently in Forster's Life of Dickens, but our author believes his version to be the correct one, because three days afterward he told it to Prince Christian at the Dean of Westminster's, and Stanley said: "Dickens told me that same story, and I watched you most intently to see whether you would vary it in any particular; but it is precisely the story that he told me."

IV.

Under date of March 15, 1863, we find a story related by Edward Bunbury, the scholar and numismatist. It had been originally told by Wilkes to Jekyll, and by Jekyll to him. Wilkes dreamt, it seems, that he was dead, and that he had been carried over to the other side of the Styx. Waiting about on the bank he saw another new arrival, who turned out to be no other than his old enemy, the monstrous libertine, Lord Sandwich. They fell into amicable conversation under these novel circumstances, till at length they began to feel hungry. Lord Sandwich said that there was a hotel hard by kept by an old servant of his. Thither they went, and the man prepared for them an extremely recherché dinner. In the course of it, however, Lord Sandwich began to swear because the champagne was not iced, whereupon the innkeeper, who was attending in person upon his guests, shook his head very sadly and said: "No ice here; no ice here!" Just at that moment little blue flames came quivering up through the table, and Wilkes awoke. Two or three days afterward, dining at Lord Russell's, our author heard the host say of Roebuck that he was one of the most disappointing of speakers, beginning generally so very well and then falling off. The criticism is confirmed by the writer of this diary, who sometimes found Roebuck perfectly admirable for a few minutes, but never heard him make a speech which was good throughout. Apropos of the same English champion of the Southern Confederacy, our author asks who is responsible for putting the characteristic attitudes of the South and North toward the black man in the following epigrammatic way: The South said to the negro, "Be slave, and God bless you!" The North said to the negro, "Be free, and God damn you!" Breakfasting with Layard about the same time, our author met Julian Fane, who told a story about Motley, then (1863) American Minister at Vienna and a most furious Northerner, although before the war he said to Layard, "If our sisters of the South want to leave us let them part in peace." Motley had become, it appears, so excited that he had quite withdrawn from society, being unable to listen with toleration to any opinions hostile to his own. This had gone on for some time, when his friends arranged a little dinner at which the greatest care was to be taken to keep the conversation quite away from all irritating subjects. Not a word was said about the war, and everything was going on delightfully, when an unlucky Russian, leaning across the table, said: "Mr. Motley, I understand that you have given a great deal of attention to the history of the sixteenth century; I have done so, too, and should like to know whether you agree with me in one opinion at which I have arrived. I think the Duke of Alva was one of the greatest and best statesmen who ever lived." Motley completely lost his temper, and the well-laid plan was overthrown.

In May of the same year Dr. Kalisch, the Jewish commentator, breakfasted with our diarist, and gave him afterward a good deal of very curious information about the existing state of learning among the Jews. He said that his own father knew the Old Testament in Hebrew from end to end at 7 years old, and he mentioned the case of a man who could allow a pin to be put through any twelve pages of the Talmud and tell through what words it passed. Dining in the same twelvemonth at a friend's house our author heard from an English Jesuit, Father Strickland, a remark which to him seemed memorable: "I have observed throughout life that a man may do an immense deal of good if he does not care who gets the credit of it." While staying in Paris in November, 1863, our author met Prince Czartoryski, who said, speaking of Poland, that the insurrection then going on would end, if no intervention took place, in the destruction of the upper class of Poles, but that in twenty years there would be new wealth and new leaders. During the same visit to the French capital Charpentier, the publisher, described to him the misery of France before 1815, when women of the better class went about with clouted dresses and apartments were to be had for almost nothing. In his childhood, Charpentier said, he had seen the Emperor walking up and down under the peristyle of the Tuileries "with an eye like an eagle, or like melting metal." About the same time the well-known journalist Scherer dined with our diarist and spoke much of the divorce of intellect and social position which was then so strange a feature in French society and remains so to this day.

V.

Again, in Paris, in January, 1864, our author called on Mme. Cornu, a lady mentioned in Renan's "Feuilles Détachées." He asked Mme. Cornu, whom he knew to be singularly well informed, to what she attributed the Mexican war. She replied: "First, to the romantic fancy of the Emperor; secondly, to the Emperor's desire to establish a counterpoise to the United States; thirdly, to the delusive representations made by Mexican exiles." The visitor then inquired why so few Frenchmen of merit had joined the imperial Government. She said that the Emperor did not take the right course after the coup d'état. He ought to have drowned all the people who had assisted him in it; that is, he should have given them money and sent them away. He had not done so, and ever since they had kept him in a circle of iron, letting him see no one but their own set, and he was always complaining of the want of capable men. He was, she said, "despotic in principle but not in practice. Essentially *rêveur* and melancholy, he dreams in the Tuileries of the fresh trees of Switzerland. He is by no means false, but *essentiellement pilote*. Hence, such transactions as the session of Savoy and Nice." Dining, subsequently, with Michelet, our author talked long with Taine, who, as examiner for St. Cyr, was then making a three months' circuit in the provinces every year. He spoke much of *Mme. Bovary*, which, he said, was a perfect photograph of the condition of the French provinces, about which he thought as badly as possible. He said that the country population called all the ideas by which the intellectual men of the capital live "*Phrases des avocats de Paris*." They cared only to make 5 per cent. out of their land and to dine well. If any one made the pâté only a possibility instead of a certainty he was, in their eyes, a monster. It was about this date that Mme. Cornu repeated a saying of the Empress Eugénie about Renan's book, "The Life of Christ:" "It will not hurt those who believe in Jesus, and to others it will do good." The Empress's judgment was confirmed by a story then going about Paris of an old General, Voltairean in opinion, to whom some of his family read the "*Vie de Jesus*" on his deathbed. After getting pretty well into the book he said: "*Enfin il etait Dieu*," sent for the priest, and died reconciled to the Church. This reminds our author of an anecdote told by Byron in his letters about a sermon by Blenkinsop *in proof of Christianity* which transformed a very orthodox friend of his into a perfect atheist.

In February, 1864, we find the record of a dinner in London with Charles Buxton. He mentioned that, in the published conversation between the Emperor Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour, there were two suppressed passages. Nicholas said that "the Sultan was like a bear just about to burst, and that there was no good putting musk to his nostrils." And again, "you may speak of the throne in England as being safe, but I, you know, sit upon a volcano." According to Lord Heytesbury, the same Czar rallied him when he was Minister at the court of St. Petersburg about the opposition of the English Tories to the Reform bill. "If I were King of England," said Nicholas, "I would give my assent to that bill without the least hesitation." On March 8 of the same year took place the vote in Convocation at Oxford on Jowett's salary as professor of Greek, which the orthodox party succeeded in keeping at £40 a year to punish him for his heresies. It was on this or a similar occasion that some one of Jowett's friends said: "I think we have a fair chance of winning to-morrow about Jowett's salary, because the country clergy came up in such numbers the other day to vote against the improvement of the curriculum that they will hardly be at the expense of coming up again so soon." "Trust them for that," replied another. "They'll think that education is a bad thing, but that justice is a worse, and they'll come in scores." Not long afterward our author met at dinner Frederick Elliott and Grote. They talked about public men speculating on their information. Frederick Elliott said: "Well, in all the years I have passed in the Colonial Office, I think I only once possessed a piece of information which I might, if I had so pleased, have turned to money. I was with my chief one day in 1856, when a cabinet box came in, which he opened, and, glancing at the contents, said to himself, 'Seebach. Peace.' So that I knew forty-eight hours before the rest of the world that the Russian war was at an end." Grote, who, it will be remembered, was a banker, said that, on the Stock Exchange, true information might often be as mischievous to its possessor as false, and quoted the case of Cavour, who lost money by speculating on the perfectly correct information that war had been decided upon by France in 1840. Grote's statement was mentioned afterward by the diarist to Kinglake, who said that, on the occasion referred to, Cavour had lost money because his information was not correct, and then repeated an anecdote illustrating how the French Government, in 1840, halted between two opinions. At that time Sir Henry Bulwer was representing England in Paris. After a long conversation with Thiers, when the dispute about the Eastern question was at its height, he said: "Well, am I to report that you said that, in such and such an eventuality, you would go to war?" "No, no, don't say that," answered Thiers, "say you read it in my countenance."

Dining at Mr. Seeley's in July, 1864, our author had some interesting talk with Bright and Mazzini. The former said that as a youth he had not received much education, and had been too idle to do much for himself since, adding that he envied Gladstone his enormous information. He said his own practice was not to write his speeches throughout, but to make very copious notes, which, however, he often did not follow. Cobden's practice was not to write at all, but to talk his speeches over beforehand. Bright remarked that he had read some of Burke and admired it, but thought he must have been a very dull speaker. He had much to say about America, contemplated with great equanimity the "improving the Southern chivalry off the face of the earth," thought there would be no danger from the army after the civil war was finished, dilated on the difficulties concerning Canada, and dwelt on the enormous amount of the United States shipping on the great lakes, which, as he pointed out, exceeded even then in tonnage the mercantile marine of France.

VI.

In the record of a visit to Paris in September, 1864, our author notes that he found Renan in a pleasant little house at Sèvres, busy over his second volume, afterward published as "*Les Apôtres*." Renan had been much struck with the "Acts of the Apostles," which he thought underrated. The part which the writer, whether Luke or another, described as an eyewitness, appeared to him "*d'une netteté, et d'une fermeté remarquable*." He believed that Timothy had been "*pour beaucoup*" in the composition. It will be remembered that Renan, in his "Life of St. Paul," after pointing out how the influence of that Apostle had faded from the countries in which he labored, and how the enduring fabric of Christianity had grown up under quite other influences, ends his book with the words: "Mankind, you are sometimes right and certain of your judgments are just." On another occasion Renan told our author that he took the strange story of Bâbism recounted in "*Les Apôtres*" from Gobineau, but not without getting it confirmed most amply by independent testimony, among others by a Governor he met at Constantinople, under whose orders many of the sentences had been carried out. About the same period our author also had a long talk in Paris with the distinguished journalist, Prévost Paradol, ultimately French Minister to the United States. The latter gave an account of Sainte-Beuve's recent visit to the Emperor Napoleon III., to announce his (Prévost Paradol's) election as a member of the Academie Française. In making the announcement Sainte-Beuve said: "Your Majesty will, of course, understand that the election has no political meaning. If it had it would not be I who announced it to you." "Ah," said the Emperor, "but how has M. Prévost Paradol earned this high honor? Has he produced any great works?" "No," was the reply, "but he has produced a great many small ones. No one now produces great works in France—at least *we men of letters* do not." On another occasion our author told Prévost Paradol that "we in England cannot forgive the Prince de Joinville for his foolish hostility to us." "Ah," he replied, "you will find a little of that at the bottom of every French heart." Our author answered: "But you will not find the corresponding feeling at the bottom of every English one." Whereupon the Frenchman rejoined: "*Ah, monsieur, vous n'etes pas les derniers vaincus?*"

When in Paris, during the early sixties, our author frequented the salon of Mme. de Circourt. On one occasion he was introduced there to M. d'Yzarn Freyssinet, the author of "*Pensées Grises*," a little book then a good deal talked about, but which seems never to have become widely known. Some of the sayings in the volume are quoted in this diary, and may be thus translated: "There is a quarter of an hour in the evening when an elegant woman prefers a gown even to her lover." "In proportion as we advance in life the color which we call gray is substituted for all other tints." "We die every day a little." "To certain persons we exhibit only our faults, to others only our good qualities." "There are certain glances that render the soul visible."

Among the Germans, of whom our author saw a good deal, both on the Continent and when they visited London, was George von Bunsen. The latter once related that Prof. Brandis travelled many years ago in England with the great scholar Becker (author of "Charicles" and "Gallus"), who knew English much better than Brandis did, but would never speak it. When, however, Brandis made a mistake, Becker groaned. It was of Becker that Niebuhr used the phrase which was later so often repeated about Moltke: "Becker is silent in seven languages." Gervinus was also noted for taciturnity: Bunsen gave an amusing description of his walks with Weber. Not a word would pass between the twain until they parted, when Gervinus would say, "So geht's, Weber," and Weber would reply, "So geht's, Gervinus." Dining once with Bunsen to meet Sybel, the historian, our author heard them discuss the definition of the word *junker*, which, they said, was imperfectly, or rather erroneously, translated by either *squire* or *noble*. They considered that the idea of dependence on court favor and place, as well as that of poverty, formed part of it. A saying of Bismarck's was quoted to the effect that the Party of Progress was perfectly right, but that he was a *junker*, and consequently practiced "*junker-politik*."

VII.

The author of this diary seems to have been, for the most part, unlucky in his experience of Americans. Being at Florence in December, 1866, he tells us that "We found ourselves, for our sins, at an hotel (the Nuova York) which was full of very unattractive Americans. One, apparently a clergyman, said, pointing to the boiled fowl, 'What d'ye call that here?' Some one answered: 'The Italian for a fowl is *pollo*.' He rejoined: 'In America we call them chickens. When I got to France they called them *poulets*. When I got to Germany they called them *faule* (sic). When I got among the Arabs I didn't know what to call them. I tried *poulets*—that wouldn't do. I tried *faule*—that wouldn't do. Then (crowing aloud like a cock) I did so—they understood that.'" On the other hand, when in Rome, a month later, the diarist records that "Mr. Coolidge, an American, introduced by Circourt, came to see me. He had been in Rome forty-six years ago, and had visited India at some prehistoric period—I think when Mountstuart Elphinstone was Governor of Bombay. His object in being introduced to me was to make the acquaintance of Odo Russell, to whom I sent him. Being extremely struck with the amount of his information, I afterward asked Odo Russell, who was for some time at Washington, whether one met many such people in the United States. 'Lots,' he replied: a statement which I find it hard to reconcile with the fact that one meets so very few Americans in Europe who could be named in the same breath, but which is, I have no doubt, capable of reconcilement."

Under date of July, 1867, we find an incident interesting to numismatists. It appears that, at the Council of the Asiatic Society, our author had the opportunity of seeing the great gold coin of Eucratides, which weighs as much as twenty sovereigns. This very remarkable piece was brought from Bokhara by a Jew who, on his first arrival in Paris, knowing that the West was rich and fond of curious objects, demanded a million of francs for it. No one being willing to go into the transaction at that figure, he came to London and entered into negotiations with the British Museum. The people there were charmed with it, and, presently, began to discuss the question of price. "What," said the Jew, "is the intrinsic value of the coin?" "So much," they replied. "When was it struck?" he then asked. "About such and such a year," was the answer. "Well," rejoined the Jew, "I will be satisfied with interest at five per cent. from that date." After a good deal of bargaining, it was ultimately bought by Feuerdant for $5,500, and it passed to the Imperial Library for $5,800. A day or two afterward the author, with Sir Henry Rawlinson and others, went as a deputation from the Asiatic Society to present an address to the Sultan at Buckingham Palace. The Sultan could not speak any Western language, but, with him, was Fuad Pasha, who knew French well. It was Fuad, we are told, who, some years previously, had said to Lord Palmerston when the latter expressed the opinion that nothing would go right in Turkey till they got rid of polygamy, "*Ah! milord, nous ferons comme vous, nous presenterons l'une et nous cacherons les autres.*"

In the autumn of 1871 our author travelled in Italy with Henry Smith, who, as we have said, was Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. The latter seems to have been a delightful companion. He repeated one day an epigram by Mansel, then Dean of St. Paul. There had been, it appears, some years before, a project in Oxford of requiring two essays to be composed for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Mansel wrote:

Your degree of D. D. you propose to convey
When an A. double S. writes A. double S. A.

It was Smith who, on another occasion, related the story of an American doctor who, called in to prescribe for a child, the nature of whose complaint was not clear to him, said: "I'll give the little cuss a powder; then it'll have a fit, and I'm a dab at fits." When Miss ——, the lady doctor, married, an arrangement was made, or talked of, that another lady, a Miss Morgan, should live at the top of the house and take her friend's night practice. Henry Smith said it was "a morganatic arrangement." It was Henry Smith, also, who told our author the story of an American who, having wearied his friends by continually boasting of being taken for Louis Napoleon, as, in our day, many an American professes to be taken for the Prince of Wales, was pulled up by one of them saying, "My dear fellow, that's nothing. As I was walking along the street the other day, a man whom I had never seen in my life slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'God Almighty, is that you!'" Next to Henry Smith's, perhaps the best things in this book are attributed to Hayward. With two of these we must bring our extracts from this charming diary to a close. Dining at the Athenæum with Hayward in 1872, our author heard him repeat Mme. de Noailles's saying about the Comte de Chambord's obstinate refusal to accept the throne of France unless he could bring back the white flag: "*Il ressemble à Virginie [in 'Paul and Virginia'] qui se noyait plutôt que laisser tomber sa chemise.*" Hayward's own puzzled reply to Mme. Appomyi when she asked him in 1867, "What on earth is the compound householder about which Mr. Gladstone is perpetually talking?" also deserves a high place among *bons mots*: "*Madame*," he replied, "*c'est le mari de la femme incomprise*."

M. W. H.

A New Book About Siam.

Of Siam and the Siamese much has been written in recent years, but the latest, fullest, and most trustworthy account of that country is that which has just been published by the Scribners, under the title of *Five Years in Siam* (1891-1896), by H. Warington Smyth, formerly Director of the Siamese Department of Mines. Throughout the two volumes in which the author's observations are comprised, we observe a happy absence of vituperation on the one hand and of adulation on the other. In Mr. Smyth's opinion the Siamese deserve neither round abuse nor extravagant praise. In spite of the aspersions which have been showered upon them by some travellers, he testifies that the people of the country did not by any means appear to him inveterate thieves or incessant liars. As a matter of fact, he found them grateful for kindness, ready to share their last mouthful without expectation of reward, and quick to justify the trust reposed in them. Throughout his term of service the Bangkok Government behaved to him in a manner at once dignified and generous. In money matters he experienced no trouble, and he imputes the complaints that have been heard from others to their own lack of firmness. Upon the whole he looks back with pleasure upon the treatment which he received during his sojourn in the country. Mr. Smyth, of course, does not pretend to a complete understanding of the Siamese. The light and shade of the Asiatic character are enigmas to us, and the longer one lives with an Eastern race the less confidence one feels in one's capacity of perceiving what they are and what they think. The principal value of the book before us consists in its exposition of the internal and external obstacles to sound reform in Siam, and in its recognition of the task which the King and those who cooperate with him have set before themselves and have, to a certain extent, accomplished, the task, namely, of engrafting the civilization of modern Europe upon that of a conservative people of the Far East.

I.

Before outlining the proofs of recent progress in Siam, the author, while not attempting a detailed historical review, indicates the state of things which required the application of drastic remedies. Descendants of a hardy race, of whom the Shans form the elder branch, the Siamese came down from the north into Siam, split in two the people then in possession of the Menam Valley, and so gave rise to the two nations that now border upon them, the Cambodians on the east and the Peguans on the west. How the Siamese moved from capital to capital ever toward the southern plains, from Sawankolok to Pitsunalok, to Ayuthia, and finally to Bangkok, their present metropolis; how they fought their enemies the Peguans, the Burmese and the Cambodians; how they cajoled their cousins, the Lao, and their sea visitors, the Malays—all this belongs to ancient history, although, in some measure to the present also, for it has left its mark. Among the results of the continual warfare was the incessant interchange of prisoners, of provinces and of ideas; eventually these Indo-Chinese peoples all acquired the same methods of protecting themselves against their rivals and the same notions of diplomacy. Not one of the nations mentioned has been able to retain its independence except the Siamese; Pegu, Burma, Annam, Cambodia and the Malays have disappeared as powers because they would not regenerate themselves. In every instance it was through their adhesion to the traditional duplicity, which they regarded as diplomacy, that their downfall came. Siam alone, owing to her central position among her old rivals, and because she realized betimes the necessity of adopting new methods of international dealings, has so far escaped. What supports her to-day is the belief of Englishmen that she earnestly intends to do for herself what the other States of the peninsula failed to do, and what, consequently, had to be done for them. To appreciate the extent of her earnestness, it is needful to consider the obstruction which is offered to her reformers. To align herself with the present, Siam must effect a revolution as complete as any ever accomplished in the West. For the untruthfulness, the intrigue and the dishonesty in which she has been nurtured, she must substitute the straightforwardness which is foreign to the Asiatic nations. Mr. Smyth says that only those who have lived for years in Siam, and, by the nature of their employment, have been brought in constant contact with the inhabitants, can comprehend how blindly tradition is reverenced among the people. Tradition is as sacred as the King's person; like the King's acts, it is never questioned. However incongruous or unjust, anything which can be referred to the magic word *tamnien*, "custom," is without further ado invested with a sanctity which commands respect and even reverence. Where this one word can be invoked, dishonesty and corruption are condoned.

It was not to be expected that the Siamese, brought up among immemorial traditions, should be able thoroughly to grasp the meaning of the new phenomenon called Western civilization which has been suddenly thrust upon them. They are not to be blamed if, like too many of their advisers and critics, they confuse civilization with the adoption of electric lights, crested note paper and photographs, the superficialities of modern life. The far more difficult adoption of new principles and a new morality is possible to no nation in a day. To be permanent, such things must come by slow growth and by persistent struggle. Japan, it is true, has performed what would have killed a feebler nation. No people in the tropics can possess the Japanese sturdiness and vitality; in Siam, the work must, of necessity, be gradual. We may illustrate what we mean by a glance at the former fiscal administration. In the old days, the outlying provinces of Siam were governed by vassal chiefs, who, as long as they paid designated tributes to the King *de facto*, might rule or misrule, as they wished. Their sons succeeded so long as they made themselves agreeable to the over-lord. In fact, the governing was done by contract; the sovereign practically said: "If you look after the province and pay me, I will keep your family in power until a stronger rival comes along." Throughout Indo-China's history, no ruler of a province had ever received a salary; it was the recognized right of the Governor to make what he could, and for his subordinates to do the same, each according to his position and ingenuity. The common people would have done likewise had they found themselves in a similar position. For it was *tamnien*, the custom. No one disputed the legitimacy of the method, provided it was employed with moderation, it being the only one open to an official by which to make his living. The result was that, under the majority of provincial Governors, each bent on securing a competence for his large family, any man who had made a little money was liable to be brought to court on some fantastic charge and have his goods confiscated, while the highest bidder always got a favorable decision from the Judge.

II.

After many hard knocks, especially from Cambodia, and also from the Burmese as late as 1767, Siam, rising again and again and turning the tables on her foes, had finally acquired suzerain rights over almost all the Lao States and over the Malay Peninsula down to Kedah on the west side and to Treng-ganu on the east, and these territories she ruled on the old lines prescribed by her own immemorial usages and by the practice of the nations about her. The present King it was who first recognized the duty of provincial Governors to govern not for themselves, but for their subjects. The enforcement of this conception of duty, entirely new to Indo-China, in the teeth of the passive but stubborn resistance offered by the majority of the nobles, has constituted the endless struggle of the present reign. To carry out the King's determination salaried Commissioners have been appointed, one by one, to the chief outlying provinces, until, within the last few years, the so-called Chaos, or feudal lords, of all the great districts on the Mekong, or in the West or in the Malay Peninsula, have found themselves suddenly divested of half their power by the unostentatious gentleman who arrives with the King's orders from Bangkok, who reports to headquarters, and without whom no administrative action can be taken. The great difficulty has lain, as might have been expected, in getting the right men for the new functions, and in many cases the Commissioners have proved little better than the Chaos whose dignities and duties they usurp. The innate shortcomings of the Siamese character are chargeable with the slow advance the King has been able to make, and with the number of European officials that have been appointed to the various departments of the civil service, to the failings of many of whom have been due serious complications. At least, however, the new Commissioners were directly responsible to Bangkok, and could be recalled and censured, if necessary, with more facility than could the old feudal lords. On the whole, the evil being taken with the good, the commissioner system is pronounced by Mr. Smyth a distinct gain to the population, and the majority of the agents whom he saw at their posts were doing good work for the country, and evincing an excellent spirit. Here we should note what the author has to tell us concerning the moral qualities of the Siamese, which are more noticeable among the common people than among the general body of officials. The common people have a quiet goodness peculiarly their own. It seems, nevertheless, that they are good by accident, and only as long as, by accident, there is no reason to be otherwise. To do a thing because it is right is beyond them. To abstain, indeed, from a thing because it will injure their good name or involve serious consequences is, possibly, within the power of a few; the question of right or wrong, however, does not enter into their calculations. Undoubtedly, these failings are shared by nearly all Asiatics to a greater or less extent. On the other hand, the qualities which constitute the peculiar charm of Eastern races are not few. Tested by the standard of everyday life, the Siamese, with his cheerfulness and friendliness, his hospitality and gentleness, his patience under trials and his winning simplicity, can hold his head high in comparison with many Asiatic races, and with not a few specimens of Europeans. It is when he joins the ranks of officialdom that the snares close in about him, and if then his fall begins it is not so much from wickedness as from weakness.

In Siam the education of the people has been carried on immemorially, as in Burmah, by the monks in the wats, or Buddhist monasteries, which are scattered all over the country. Boys are sent by their parents at 8 or 9 years of age to give their services to some particular monk, a friend or relative of the family. In return for such services a lad is taught the A, B, C, the rules of Buddha, and such religious principles as he may pick up. At 14 or 15 he will either leave the wat or dawdle on, playing football in the afternoon and paddling the abbot's canoe. If of a religious turn of mind, he may don the yellow robe of the novice and renounce the world in favor of a more abstruse study of the Scriptures. Whether this education is adequate for the needs of the masses of the people is a matter which is much debated in Bangkok. There is, of course, little doubt that it might be easily improved. The actual result is that every man and boy in Siam can, though often only with much labor, read and write his own name and make out a bit of a letter on paper. He has no books to read, but he knows a few things which he may or may not do; he has learned the Pali formulæ and all the jungle cries, and, if he lives near the capital, he has heard of a country beyond the sea whence come violent and angry men with white faces who are always in a hurry and say "Goddam." It has been of late decided at Bangkok to supplement the teaching of the wats by means of organized schools of a more advanced character, and several schoolmasters have been imported from England. The instruction of the King's sons has been intrusted to private tutors, Oxford graduates; while a school for girls of high birth was first put under a lady graduate of Cambridge, and has since been carried on efficiently by a lady graduate of London University. For want of any native educational institution of a high grade, a number of the King's relations and of the nobility have been sent annually to England, France or Denmark to learn European languages or to study special subjects. It is Mr. Smyth's opinion that only where the students have been of exceptional ability and character can the experiment, judged by after results, be deemed successful. The average Siamese boy does not repay the expense incidental to his education in Europe. Too often, when he returns to the East, the rupture with the associations of school or home life in Europe is so sudden and complete that their influence is nearly obliterated. In other cases, where the young men have profited by their opportunities and seemed likely to be of real use to their country, they have been frequently shelved by the jealousy and intriguing of enemies and condemned to retire to a life of inactivity and uselessness.

III.

By reading in connection the second and the twenty-third chapters of this book, a clear idea can be gained of the progress accomplished or contemplated by Siamese legislation from 1892 down to the close of 1897. In the year first named the King created, in addition to the old Council of State, a Council of Ministers, twelve in number, mostly heads of departments. This council was composed of his own younger or half brothers, and a few of the higher nobles. The more important departments then constituted were the Foreign Office, the Army, the Navy, Public Works, Agriculture, Justice, Education and Finance. The internal administration was then carried on by two separate departments, one for the north and one for the south, but these have since been consolidated in a single Department of the Interior, the head of which is Prince Damrong. The Foreign Office had been for many years managed by an able and pleasant brother of the King, Prince Devawongse. In 1892, however, arrangements, for which the credit was principally due to Prince Damrong, were made to secure an experienced adviser from Europe, and soon after the services of M. Rolin Jacquemyns, a Belgian international lawyer of note, were transferred from Egypt, where he was employed under Lord Cromer, to Siam. This was a great blow to the native ideas of diplomacy, for with such an adviser, whatever mistakes might be committed, no prevarications would be possible, and European notions of strict adherence to all promises would prevail. Of the army and navy, the latter is, by far, the smarter organization. As regards both services, it is pronounced a matter of regret that, owing partly to the inherent laziness of the people, but largely, also, to the way in which the conscription is conducted, as well as to the wretched pay and to the manner in which the services are generally carried on, the Tahan, or man employed in either the army or navy, is universally looked down upon. The girls will not speak to him and the common people avoid him. He feels himself to be an outcast, with the result that, when he gets the chance, he behaves as such, and, generally, goes to the bad. The original military instinct of the Siamese seems to have been extinguished, and men will face anything rather than the prospect of serving in the army, or, for that matter, in the navy. No effort seems to have been made to create an *esprit de corps*. The soldiers are tacitly permitted to assume the character of trained bands of coolies, to do whitewashing, or to figure in processions. Of course, under such circumstances, all the repeating rifles, officers and drill books north of the equator will not produce fighting men. In the army, which consists of a number of skeleton formations with long names, European instruction has been practically abolished, except in the case of one overworked Danish officer, who, personally, performs all the drilling that is done. There are three regiments of cavalry who straddle a dozen broken-down, mangy, Australian horses and twoscore little Siamese ponies; there are two artillery regiments with some seven-pound field guns and eight infantry regiments, of which four regiments of the line are credited on paper with two battalions each. The navy, although it has had to fight against the same popular aversion and against the rôle of a picnicking institution commonly assigned to it, has, owing to the energy of another Dane, Commodore de Richelieu, acquired an efficiency far beyond anything else in Siam. In spite of old, ant-eaten hulls, worn-out machinery and bad material, the Commodore and his Danish officers have created a force which our author considers really creditable. A battalion of marines on the march can actually keep their distances, and the training ship which takes the youngsters away in the Gulf of Siam for some months every year is the cleanest and smartest thing of which the Government can boast. Even in the navy, however, the evil practices of Siamese officialdom sometimes crop up, and every time the Commodore returns from a tour of inspection he has to settle many cases of complaint by the seamen of unjust treatment on the part of the native officers. The men for the naval service are taken mostly from the Peguans, a strong, handsome race, who live mostly up-river, and to the northwest of Bangkok, in separate communities. Both naval and military services suffer from the lack of European officers. The native subaltern can never be made to understand that he can be dignified without being arrogant, that discipline can be secured without cruelty, and that respect for his officers is the first and self-respect the second object of military training. Even such European officers as are employed are seldom thoroughly trusted, and consequently do not have a free hand. Owing to their own want of wisdom in the past in the selection of Europeans, the Siamese have had some unpleasant disillusions, and the result is that they now suspect every one they employ. This suspicion has led to a system by which almost every European in the service either finds himself watched and hampered by some native to whom is given almost equal powers, or else, while receiving his salary, he is left severely alone and allowed to do nothing. The enforced idleness or discontent thus caused has brought about the resignation of many a good man.

IV.

The Public Works Department has thus far concerned itself chiefly with making or improving roads or bridges about Bangkok. Under it comes the Royal Railway Bureau, which has been an expensive luxury. After eight years' work it has built only ninety miles of track. The Post and Telegraph Bureau also falls under the control of the Public Works, and the management of the Post Office by two Germans is termed a model of efficiency. The few existing telegraph lines, on the other hand, owing to a want of care and the absence of competent operatives, are useless for half the year. The Department of Agriculture and Commerce is little more than a land tax office. Under it, however, is the Survey Bureau, the admirable work of which is due to one man. Mr. McCarthy, formerly of the Indian civil service, was appointed Director-General some years ago, and, with the aid of Siamese assistants trained by himself, has not only connected the triangulation of Siam with that of the Indian Survey but has brought it down through the Lao States to Lower Siam. He is credited by our author with the finest piece of scientific work that has been done or is likely to be done in the country. Under the Ministry of Agriculture is also placed the Department of Mines, of which Mr. Smyth was, for some time, the Director. The work with which he was intrusted was the regulation of mining affairs, including the drafting of a code of mining rules and the beginning of a geological survey. As regards the Ministry of Justice, our author is inclined to think that the less said the better, so far as the observations made by him prior to 1893 are concerned. The courts were at that time beautifully impartial in the sense that they imprisoned the complainant, the defendant and all the witnesses they could get, together with the mothers and wives of those they could not arrest, without distinction. It left them in gaol to settle their differences in the course of years, and such as did not die of cholera, dysentery or starvation might, if they were unusually lucky and had means of bribery, be let out in ten years' time by the clemency of the Judges. Naturally, under such circumstances, people felt a dislike to finding themselves and their relatives imprisoned for ten years or for life, owing to their having been witnesses of a theft; consequently, when a crime was committed, they would turn their backs and refuse to see or help an innocent man. In 1893, however, three judicial commissions were appointed, the first of which was to dispose of unfinished cases still pending, the second, of cases not before tried at all, and the third of cases all the documents of which had been lost or destroyed. These commissions performed their work and cleared the docket. In the same year the criminal code was revised. A new system of civil procedure was introduced, and a new law of evidence was framed. Moreover, the police force of the capital has been completely reorganized and the policing of the country districts has been greatly improved by the new village regulations.

On the whole, it is Mr. Smyth's conviction that, although, even in the recent past, there have been shortcomings enough in the policy and administration of Siam, yet the Siamese have made such considerable advances, and have displayed so remarkable abilities in many directions, that they may reasonably look forward to the maintenance of independence and to a respected place among commercial nations.